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MARBH-RANN

DO'N OLLAMH URRAMACH

EOIN DOMHNALLACH,

A BHA 'NA MHINISTEAR AN T-SOISGEIL ANN AN SGIREACHD NA TOISIDHEACHD.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. MACDONALD.

The Rev. John Macdonald, D. D., late minister of the Free Church at Urquhart, in the barony of Ferrintosh, Ross-shire, was a native of Reay, in Caithness-shire, where his father officiated as catechist, and was born on the 12th of November, 1779. He was educated in the parish school of Reay, and in his eighteenth year went to King's College, Old Aberdeen, where he completed the usual course of theological studies. In 1805 he was licensed to preach, and, for about two years, he seems to have acted as a missionary, or occasional preacher in the Highlands. He was ordained in 1806, and in 1807 he was appointed successor to the Rev. Mr. Maclachlan, in the Gaelic Chapel, Edinburgh. Six years afterwards he received from Mr. Forbes of Culloden, the patron, a presentation to the Parish of Urquhart, having been the free choice of the people. For the long period of thirty-six years he laboured in that remote district, with great zeal and success, and became one of the most popular and influential clergymen in the North of Scotland. His flock were strongly attached to him, and his frequent journeys throughout the kingdom made his name extensively known. His preaching was distinguished by fervour and energy, and crowds of people everywhere flocked to hear him in the pulpit. Perhaps no man ever preached more sermons in the same number of years. He often preached twice, and even thrice, a day, for weeks in succession. His manner was earnest and animated, and, to a Gaelic congregation, irresistible. At the disruption of the Church of Scotland, in 1843, Dr Macdonald was one of those who, from conscientious motives, seceded from the Church. He was twice married—first, to Miss Georgina Ross of Gladfield, Ross-shire, who died in 1814; and, secondly, to Miss Janet Mackenzie, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq., of Millbank. By both marriages he had issue. The late Rev. John Macdonald, of Calcutta, was his eldest son. He was prematurely cut off by a fever, in 1848, and his remains are interred in Calcutta, the scene of his missionary exertions.

The ailment which terminated Dr. Macdonald's life was not of long continuance. In November, 1848, he visited Edinburgh, and assisted at the communion, among the people of his former charge. Soon after his return a bruise on the foot confined him to the house, and speedily threatened dangerous results, and in

spite of all appliances the foot continued to waste away, and his constitution, long so robust, at last began to show symptoms of approaching dissolution. He endured this visitation with exemplary resignation, and his partings with his fellow-labourers in the gospel, and other friends, were most touching. On Monday evening, April 16, 1849, he fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventieth year of his age, and the forty-third of his ministry. On Tuesday the 24th he was followed to the tomb by between five and six thousand mourning friends. On Sabbath the 29th, a funeral sermon, in English, was preached at Urquhart by Rev. C. C. M'Intosh of Tain, and another, in Gaelic, by Rev. D. Sage of Resolis,—two of the friends most dear to the departed.

As a theologian Dr. Macdonald was one of the most profound of his age, not merely in the science of theology, but in the wonderful adaptation of the evangelical system to the mind of man in all its multifarious, its endless diversities. These he made perspicuous even to the mixed crowds whom he addressed, and when he had once laid a foundation of Scripture for his mighty appeals, or his arguments, it was then that he swept over the minds of his hearers like a tempest, or refreshed them like dew upon the tender herb. He had no favourite doctrines to which he gave a distorted and disproportionate prominence—as weaker minds are prone to do—it was the glorious whole of the Gospel, in all its symmetry and heavenly harmony that he proclaimed. The Sovereignty of grace was a favourite, but its freeness was no less explicitly unfolded. God is righteous was his invariable theme ; but, side by side with it, ran the correlative, God is love ; in short, both the terrors and the attractions of the Lord were faithfully set before men, to win them to the obedience of the just.

As a scholar, Dr Macdonald ranked high. Indeed, had his labours as a preacher of the truth been less abundant, there is little doubt that he would have risen to eminence in this respect. It is well known to his friends with what fondness he recurred from time to time to the study of mathematics, and made that department of science, even in some of its higher branches, the recreation or refreshment of his masculine mind when it had leisure to unbend, while in classical attainments he was more than an ordinary scholar. From his conversations on such subjects, no man that was a stanger to his habits could have inferred that he was one who had been known to preach eighteen sermons in a week. He chose the more excellent path ; but, had he devoted himself to such pursuits, he had both taste and power to have taken his place among the foremost.

MARBH-RANN, &c.

AIR FONN,—*Marbh-Rann Mhaighstir Robason.*

Och nan och a's och mo leòn,
Is mòr mo mhulad a's mo bhròn,
Tha fear mo rùin an diugh fo'n fhòd,
'S cha teid air ceòl no aighear leam.

Tha'n Tòisidheachd an diugh ri bròn—
An Teachdair' àillidh cha'n 'eil beò
D' am b' àbhaist a bhi deanamh sgeòil
Air mais' a's glòir Emanuel.
Och nan och, &c.

Th'ar leam gu'm faic mi iomairt chruaidh
Air feadh na tìre 'measg an t-sluaigh,
Na deoir a' ruith gu bras le'n gruaidh
O'n ghairmeadh suas o'n talamh thu.
Och nan och, &c.

"Och dh'fhalbh ar n-athair ionmhuinn gràidh"
'Se sud a their iad anns gach àit'
"Chuir sud ar n-anamanna gu cràdh
"Na h-uile là bidh smalan oirnn."
Och nan och, &c.

Cha'n ioghnadh ged tha iad ri bròn
Oir fhuair iad aobhar goirt gu leoir
O'n thugadh uath an coinuleir òir
A threoraich iad gu flaitheanas.
Och nan och, &c.

Ach Olaimh Dhomhnullaich nam buadh
Is mor an ionndrainn thu bhi uainn,
An ear 'san iar, an deas 'san tuath
'S gach àit an cualas aithris ort.
Och nan och, &c.

Is tearc do leithid anns an tìr
A bha cho treun an aobhar Chriosd,
A shearmonachadh sgeul na sìth
Do dhaoine dìblidh, ainniseach,
Och nan och, &c.

Is òg a thug thu suas thu féin,
Gad choisrigeadh gu seirbheis Dé,
Air cliù a ghràis a' deanamh sgéil,
'Ga chur an céill do pheacaichibh
Och nan och &c.

A's fhuair thu gliocas agus ciall
Nach 'eil ach ainmic am measg chiad,
A's chuir sud mais ort agus rian
'S gach àite riabh an seasadh tu.
Och nan och, &c.

A's bha thu misneachail, làn eud,
Mar leomhann gaisgeanta ro threun ;
Bu ghaolach caomh do chridhe sèimh,
Bu shoilleir geur do bhreithneachadh.
Och nan och, &c.

Is iomad àite 'n robh do chos—
Is beag a ghabh thu riabh do chlos,
A' triall o thìr gu tìr gun fhois,
A' seirm an t-soisgeil bheannaichte.
Och nan och &c.

Eadar Lunnainn 's Baile-cliath,
Dunéideann, Glascho, 's Irt nan ian,
'S an t-Eilean Sgiathanach an iar,
Is tric a thriall thu 'n t-astar ud.
Och nan och &c.

A's ged bu tric thu bhos a's thall,
Cha b' àbhaist duit bhi sgìth no fann,
Cha chluinnte gearan as do cheann,
A dh'aindeoin call a thachradh dhuit.
Och nan och, &c.

Oir fhuair thu slàinte cuirp a's clìth
Nach 'eil aig mòran anns an tìr,
A dh' fhuilgeadh fuachd, a's teas, a's sgìos,
Ged bhiodh tu claoidhte 's airsnealach,
Och nan och, &c.

Tha pobull Chataobh 's an taobh tuath,
A's muinntir Ghallaobh brònach, truagh,
O'n chaidh do chàradh anns an uaigh
Cha'n fhaicear snuagh no mais' orra.
Och nan och, &c.

Tha Ionarnis 's gach àit' mu'n cuairt,
A's muinntir Rois gu léir fo ghruaim,
O'n chaidh an treun-fhear thoirt uainn,
Co chumas suas a' bhratach dhuinn ?
Och nan och, &c.

Tha muinntir Bhaideanach 's Shrath-Spéigh
Gu tùrsach tròm a' sileadh dheur,
Le anam leòint' a's cridhe reubt',
Gu cràiteach, creuchdach, fadalach.
Och nan och, &c.

Am fear a sheinneadh dhoibh an ceòl
A chuireadh misneach annt a's treòir.
Chaidh nise dhachaidh dh'ionnsuidh glòir,
'S cha'n fhaicear leò air thalamh e.
Och nan och, &c.

Och, ciamar thuit an gaisgeach treun,
A sheasadh dian an cath nan streup?
A's ciamar bhris an claidheamh geur
A chaidh na ceudan sgathadh leis?
Och nan och, &c.

Is naidheachd goirt do'n Eaglais Shaoir
Gu'n d' thuit am prionnsa mòr 's an laoch,
A chuireadh ruaig e féin 'na aon
Air mìle Daormunn cuibheasach.
Och nan och, &c.

Air taobh na firinn chog e dian
Gu dileas treun fo bhrataich Chriosd
A's cha do leig e tuiteam riabh
Do'n Fhainuis thog ar n-aithrichean.
Och nan och, &c.

Ach chriochnaich e a chath 's a réis
A's chaidh e suas gu flaitheas Dé,
A mhealtainn comunn sìor ris féin,
Air feadh gach ré gu maireannach.
Och nan och &c.

An rionnag dhealrach a rinn soills',
Mar lòchran lasrach anns an oidhch',
Cha toir i solus tuilleadh dhuinn,
'S cha 'n fhaicear leinn air thalamh i.
Och nan och, &c.

Ach ged nach toir i solus dhuinn
Cha robh i riabh cho maiseach grinn
Oir dealraidh i gu linn nan linn
An speuraibh boillsgeach fhlaitheanais.
Och nan och, &c.

MARBH-RANN

DO

DHOMHNULL RUADH MAC-AN-T-SAOIR

A chaochail ann ann an Glascho air tus an t-Samhraidh, 1857.

LE

DONNACHADH MAC-DHUGHAILL

á Ile,

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MARBH-RANN.

AIR FONN,—"*Mort Ghlinne Comhann.*"

A' chraobh annais na daonnachd,
Càirich umad dubh-aodach a' bhròin,
'Chionn do chur bhi 'san fhàsach
'Tha gun challaid, gun ghàradh a' d' chòir,
'Chum do dhìon o reachd nàduir,
'S o a laghannan bàsmhor do d' phòr,
'Ghearras dhìot-sa do bhlàthaibh
'N uair is taitniche fàileadh do ròis.

'S faoilteach marbhtach do nàmhaid,
Nach feith ri geamhradh 'na thràth mar is nòs ;
Ach a thig gu fuar, fàilidh,
'Sa laidheas dlùth anns gach àit' air do mheòir
O 'n bheag fhaillein is tàire,
Gu ruig am meanglan is àirde ni glòir ;
Tha iad gun latha ri àireamh,
'S teachdair ascaoineach bàis air an tòir.

B' aithne dhomh-sa do'n fhior-stuth
Geug a bha fiùranach, dìreach g'a bàrr ;
'S leam gur cianail ri aithris
Gun do dh'iarradh a gearradh cho tràth ;

Ach a thaobh mar a thachair,
Gu'm b'e ùghdarras fhlaitheanais àird.
A leag a' gheug ud gu talamh,
Biodhmaid bì nis mu'n can sinn dad cearr.

A chinn a b' amlagaich ròineag,
Nan ceud caisreag a b' òr-loinnich snuadh;
'S tric a dhearc mi air bòichead
'Chuachan tuairneagach, neòineineach, ruadh,
'Bha nam mìltean an òrdugh,
Mar chruinn chluigeanan òmair bàrr-dhual;
'S fiamh gach aon mar bhuidh'-ròsan,
S driùchd an anmoich 'g an còmhdach air chluan.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh falt ceutach
Bhi air teampull nan ceud-fathan mòr,
'Bha 'cur thairis le geur-chuis,
'S caoimhneas cathranach, gnèidheil, gun phròis;
Uasal, macanta, céillidh,
Suairce, cinneadail, spéiseil, caomh, fòil;
Gu ciallach, faicilleach, stéidheil,
Gheibhte rianaibh do reusain gun neòil.

Bha caol-mhaladh ro mheachair
'Dion na sùl 'bha do mheas le cainnt bàird;
'S i cho gorm ri speur feasgair,
'S cuan a' freagairt do gheiltreadh nan àrd;
'N uair 'bhios iad ionnan 's a' pògadh,
S dath na doimhne ro mhòr le dreach àilt,
'Toirt a ghuirme car dùbhlaidh,
Sud mar dhearcadh an t-sùil a bha blàth.

Chì'e gile mar chanach,
No mar chobhar glan mara 's e 'ùr,
Air feadh deirge na fala,
'Bha gun mheirg—sa sìor lasadh na ghnùis;

Le breac-shèunain bheag òirdheirc,
'S iad mar ghrigleachain òr-lastail dhlùth,
'Chuireadh sgiamh air aon òighe
Air an d' ainmicheadh bòichead le dùil.

Urram beòil dhuit 'thoirt naigheachd
Do na chuala mi 'dh' fhearaibh ri m' bheò,
Ann an Gàidhlig gun stadaich,
Mar gun càirte gach facal ri ceòl ;
Thigeadh geur-chuis le tuigse,
O d' ghrinn bheul bu neo-thuisliche glòir,
'Bhiodh na éifeachd do 'n duine
'S àirde dreuchd agus cumhachd aig mòd.

Och ! mo dhiubhail mar tha mi,
Gun dùil uiread 's ri fàilte gu sìor,
O'n laimh a ghlacadh gu blàth mi,
Le smior furain a' ghràidh 'bha na chrìdh' ;
'S e i 'n diugh bhi san fhàrdaich,
Far nach fhaicear a càirdeas le sùil,
Ionndrainn làitheil nach fhàg mi
Gus an càirear mo chnàmhan san ùir.

Mar bhàn eala na tuinne
Bha do bhràghad, do mhuineal, 's do chom ;
No sneachd cléiteach a' tuiteam,
'S gu'n e 'r éiginn a' ruigheachd gu fonn :
B' ion do bhainne o 'n bhuaile
A bhi taisgte gu cuannd' o dhus pronn ;
Neo cha b' fhaileas a bhòichead
Do dhreach Dhòmhnuill 'bu mhoralaich conn.

Mar bhradan tarr-gheal an locha
B' amhuil balgan na coise bha còrr,
'S b'aobhar fharmaid do chalpa
Do fhleasgaichean anamanta, mòr;

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Troidh ro chumachdail, aotrom,
Air a ceangal ri aobrainaibh grinn,
Mar gun snaidht' i de 'n mharmor
Leis an dealbhadair b' ainmeile gnìomh.

Cha robh ball a bha 'd 'cholainn
Nach robh freagairt le cothrom da chéil,
'S nuair a dheanadh tu 'n iomairt
Cha bu mhàirnealach, liobasd' an ceum ;
Air feadh mòintich no rathaid
Cha trom leònadh a' chas ud am feur,
No 'n aon bhileag bu tlàithe
'Chinn an gàradh no 'n àilein fo 'n ghréin.

Cha bu nòs leat bhi sgalais
Air na h-ònrachdain fhanna, bhochd, thruagh,
'Bhiodh 'g an cràdh-lot le gaillinn,
'S air an sgànradh gu falamh mu'n cuairt ;
Thigeadh tiom' ann a t' anam
'N uair a chitheadh tu ainniseach fuar ;
'S b' e do dhùrachd bhi agad
Lòn a's rùsg r'a chur tharta gu luath.

Chaill do bhean-ghràidh 'n uair a thuit thu
Ulaidh àluinn ni dubhach dh'i 'là,
'S i mar eun air a leith-sgéith
Nach dean éiridh am feasda le càch ;
Chionn nach maireann a h-annsachd,
A sheas dìleas mar cheann dith gu bàs ;
A Thì nach dìobair a' bhanntrach,
No na dìleachdain fhann bi dhoibh blàth.

Chaill i fear a bha gaolach,
Chaill i athair d'a maothranaibh òg,
Chaill i fasgadh o'n ghaillinn,
'S dh' fhosgail bealaich nan garbh-fhras am beoil

Air an tigh 's gun an ceann air,
Ceart mar luing bhiodh gun chrann no gun seòl ;
'S a' mhuir gharbh-thonnach, thaosgach,
Ion 'sa' bàthadh nan daoine bh' air bòrd.

Beannachd buan leis na dh' fhag thu,
'S na faigheadh aon aca tàmailt ri'm beò ;
Mar bha 'n stoc o'n do bhuaint' iad,
Biodh gach meanglan neo-thruaillte nan seol
'S mar a b' àbhaist do d' shluagh-sa
Anns gach àite san cualas mu d' phòr,
Nach robh tais an àm cruadail,
Sliochd nan curaidh o Chruachan a cheò.

DUANAG DO CHRUACHAN-BEANN,

Le Paruig Mac-an-t-Saoir, Brocair, air dha tilleadh g'a dhùthaich á America agus fhaotainn fo fhéidh.

Cruachan-Beann, Cruachan-Beann,
Cruachan-Beann 's mor mo thlachd dhiot ;
Cruachan-Beann thar gach meall,
'S a chuid allt 'ruith roimh' ghlacaibh.

Cruachan-Beann 's e cho mòr,
Tha e sonruicht' r'a fhaicinn,
Cha'n 'eil a leithid 's an Roinn-Eòrp,
'S geal a chòta 'n àm sneachda.
Cruachan-Beann, &c.

Clann-an t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhi 'n a d' chluanagan fasgach ;

An diugh cha'n fhaic mi aon de'n àl
'Gabhail tàmh ann a d' thaice.

'S iomad linn bho n' fhuair iad còir
Air a' bheinn is bòidhch' r'a faicinn ;
'S cho fhad' 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bidh an dualchas ud aca.

Fine 's duineala, gun ghruaim,
'N àm dol suas thun na batailt ;
'S an Ceann-cinnidh air an ceann
'Toirt comannd' do na gaisgich.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m' àrach òg—
Leitir bhòidheach nam badan ;
Gheibhte fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.

Aite 's maisich tha fo 'n ghréin
Chaoidhch' cha leur dhomh r'a fhaicinn ;
'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.

Fichead mìle tha mu'n cuairt
Anns a' chruaich ud tha maiseach ;
Agus trì dhiu air àird,
'S iomad bàrd a ghabh beachd ort.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-Beann,
'S leis gach coire, 's gleann tha 'n taic ris ;
Se mo dhùrachd Clann-an-t-Saoir
Bhi chòmhnuidh ri 'dhà thaobh 's na thaice.

CRIOCH.